THE SUMTER BANNER.

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THE SUMTER BANNER:
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WILLIAM J. FRANCIS.

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All Obituary Notices exceeding six lines, and Communications recommending Candidates for public offices or trust—or puffing Exhibitions, will be charged as Advertisements.

☞All letters by mail must be paid to insure punctual attendance.

Candidates.

The friends of Captain J. D. ASHMORE, announce him as a candidate for Representative at the ensuing election.

Jan. 19, 1848. 12 tf

Mr. Editor: Please announce Capt. T. M. BAKER as a candidate for Representative at the ensuing election.

MANY VOTERS.

Jan. 12, 1848. 11 tf

☞We are authorized to announce JOHN L. MILLER, Esq. a candidate for Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, at the ensuing election.

Dec. 15. 1847. 7 tf

☞We are authorized to announce DANIEL H. RICHBOURG, a candidate for the office of Clerk at the ensuing election.

Jan. 26, 1846. 13 tf

☞The friends of JACOB H. WHITEHEAD, Esq, announce him as a candidate for Sheriff, at the next, after the ensuing election.

☞We are authorized to announce JOS. M. NETTLES, Esq., a candidate for the office of Tax Collector for Claremont county, at the ensuing election.

☞We are authorized to announce WILLIAM G. BARRET, Esq., as a candidate for Tax Collector, at the ensuing Election.

Miscellaneous.

For the Sumter Banner.

THE USE OF THE BIBLE IN SCHOOLS.

"In contemplating the political institutions of the United States, I lament," remarks Dr. Rush, "that we waste so much time and money in *punishing* crimes, and take so little pains to *prevent* them. We profess to be republicans, and yet, we neglect the only means of establishing and perpetuating our republican forms of government; that is the universal education of our youth in the principles of christianity by means of the Bible; for this divine book, above all others, favors that equality among mankind, that respect for our laws, and all those sober and frugal virtues, which constitute the soul of republicanism."

The above extract is from an essay on the importance of "adopting the Bible as a school-book, above all other compositions." The subject is, confessedly, one of deep interest, and should claim the attention of all instructors of youth. We ask leave to submit a few desultory remarks upon it.

It is a pleasing circumstance, that valuable school books are multiplying, in such great abundance, in our country; and that the character of most of them is such, that, they may be safely placed in the hands of youth. But, it is no less to be regretted, that, the *only* book which contains our holy religion—the charter of our comforts here, and of our hopes hereafter—should, as if by a common understanding, be exiled from our schools and seminaries of learning. We are not unmindful of the fact. That, in most, if not in all our colleges, lectures on the evidences of christianity, from a part of the plan of instruction. This is right, and is a direct acknowledgment of the divine origin of the scriptures. We are also aware, that, there are school-books formed of selections from the Bible, and interspersed with explanatory notes.—These, however, are, for the most part, of a *sectarian* character; and for this, if no other reason, are not adapted to a mixed school, as all schools, more or less, are. But, what we contend for, is the use of not a part, or select portions only, but of *the whole* Bible as a school-book.

Several reasons might be urged in support of this measure—we insist at present only on the following—*that christian instructions, communicated to children in this way, is a great preventive of evil.* It will be admitted, we presume by every candid mind, that man's mental and moral faculties are greatly disordered. Nor is this the effect of mere accident, occasioned by an improper education, or the want of legitimate restrant in early life: but it is innate and universal; and its cause is to be traced to man's unhappy fall from rectitude into sin. It requires but little observation to see, even in children of a very early age, that propensity to evil which is so deeply laid in depraved human nature. And so inwrought is this propensity, that, they "necessarily go astray, directly, straight-forward, heedlessly, in the way of evil;" and will continue to do so, until arrested by some suitable, counteracting moral agency.

Now, if this be so, where is this counteracting, moral agency to be found, but in *suitable christian instruction?* and in what way can it be better furnished, than *by the daily use of the Bible, the whole Bible, in our schools?* If the moral and intellectual powers have been perverted and prostrated by the influence of sin, what so calculated to give them a proper direction, and renew their vigor and strength, as the *truth* of God *early* communicated to the mind? If sin has thrown its midnight shadows over the soul---if the moral feelings have been most sadly blunted; what can so effectually dissipate that darkness, and impart a healthy tone to the moral sensibilities, as an *early* implantation in the heart of the principles of rectitude inculcated in the scriptures? And what can so thoroughly "remove from the soul those vicious propensities by which it is governed, as the salutary influence of that truth and grace, which a knowledge of the divine word is adapted to communicate?"

It may be objected, that, the business of *christian* instruction belongs to the *parent*, and the *minister*. This is readily granted. But, we may be permitted to ask, why not to the *teacher?* Why may it not be considered a part of his business to improve the *morals* as well as the *intellects*, of those committed to his care? No good reason can be assigned, why a teacher should not feel interested, and aim to promote the improvement of both of the minds and hearts of his pupils. If this be admitted, allow us further to inquire what measure can be adopted, so well fitted to secure these important ends, as the daily use of the Bible in schools?---a book, acknowledged even by its avowed enemies, to contain the *purest system of morality ever given to man.* And when it is remembered, that the youthful mind is so easily impressed---that impressions made in *early* life, are the most permanent---and that these in a greater or less degree, determine the future course and character of a child; we see at once, the importance of having them of a *salutary* and *wholesome* nature: and what so calculated to produce impressions of this kind, as the holy instructions of the sacred volume?

These remarks are submitted with the desire of directing attention to this important subject. It has been justly said, that, *"the greatest moral powers on earth are, the family circle and the common schools."* The remark is pregnant with the *weightiest* truth in its application to this country. Let these two "moral powers" become corrupted, and the wisdom of human legislation will be taxed in vain to check the tide of immorality and vice, which will sweep over fair Republic. But, let "the family circle, and the common schools," be preserved pure and uncontaminated; and there will issue from them, as from two great fountains, those healthful streams, which are to cleanse the community from every species of moral feculence; and convey, to succeeding generations, our free institutions, unimpaired, or untarnished by vice.

Pine Level. J. D.

THE TEMPEST.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

I was never a man of feeble courage.—There are few scenes either of human or elemental strife upon which I have not looked with a brow of daring. I have stood in the front of the battle when swords were gleaming and circling around me like fiery serpents of the air—I have set on the mountain pinnacle, when the whirlwind was rending its oaks from their rocky cliffs, and scattering them piecemeal to the clouds—I have seen these things with a swelling soul, that knew not, that recked not of danger; but there is something in the thunder's voice that makes me tremble like a child. I have tried to overcome this unmanly weakness—I have called pride to my aid—I have sought moral courage in the lesson of philosophy—but it avails me nothing—at the first low moaning of the distant cloud, my heart shrinks, quivers, gasps, and dies within me.

My involuntary dread of thunder had its origin in an incident that occurred when I was a boy of ten years. I had a little cousin—a girl of the same age with myself, who had been the constant companion of my childhood. Strange, that after the lapse of so many years, that countenance should be so familiar to me, I can see the bright young creature—her large eyes flashing like a beautiful gem, her free looks streaming as in joy upon the rising gale, and her cheek glowing like a ruby through a wreath of transparent snow.—Her voice had the melody and joyousness of a bird's, and when she bounded over the wooded hill or the fresh green valley, shouting a glad answer to every voice of nature, and clasping her little hands in the very ecstacy of young existence, she looked as if breaking away like a freed nightingale from the earth, and going off where all things are beautiful and happy like her.

It was a morning in the middle of August. The little girl had been passing some days at my father's house, and she was now to return home. Her path lay across the fields, and I gladly became the companion of her walk. I never knew a summer morning more beautiful and still. Only one little cloud was visible, and that seemed as pure, and white, and peaceful, as if it had been the incense smoke of some burning censor of the skies. The leaves hung silent in the woods, the waters in the bay had forgotten their undulations, the flowers were bending their heads as if dreaming of the rainbow and dew, and the whole atmosphere was of such a soft and luxurious sweetness that it seemed a cloud of roses, scattered down by the hands of a Peri, from the far-off gardens of Paradise. The green earth and the blue sea lay abroad in their boundlessness, and the peaceful sky bent over and blessed them. The little creature at my side was in a delirium of happiness, and her clear, sweet voice came ringing upon the air as often as she heard the tones of a favorite bird, or found some strange or lovely flower, in her frolic wanderings. The unbroken and almost supernatural tranquility of the day continued until nearly noon. Then for the first time the indication of an approaching tempest was manifest. Over the summit of a mountain, at the distance of about a mile, the folds of a dark cloud became suddenly visible, at the same instant, a hollow roar came down upon the winds, as if it had been the sound of waves in a rocky cavern. The cloud rolled out like a banner-fold upon the air, but still the atmosphere was as calm and the leaves as motionless as before, and there was not even a quiver upon the sleeping waters to tell of the coming hurricane.

To escape the tempest was impossible. As the only resort, we fled to an oak that stood at the foot of a tall and rugged precipice. Here we remained and gazed almost breathlessly upon the clouds, marshalling themselves like bloody giants in the sky. The thunder was not frequent, but every burst was so fearful that the young creature who stood by me shut her eyes convulsively, clung with desperate strength to my arm, and shrieking as if her very heart would break. A few minutes and the storm was upon us. During the height of its fury, the little girl lifted her finger towards the precipice that towered above us. I looked up, and an amethystine flame was quivering upon its gray peaks! and the next moment the cloud opened, the rocks tottered to their foundations, a roar like the groan of a Universe filled the air, and I felt myself blinded and thrown, I knew not whither. How long I remained insensible I cannot tell, but, when consciousness returned, the violence of the tempest was abating, the roar of the winds were dying in the tree tops, and the deep tones of the cloud, coming in fainter murmurs from the Eastern hills.

I arose and looked tremblingly and almost deliriously around. She was there—the dear idol of my infant love—stretched out on the green earth. After a moment of irresolution, I went up and looked upon her. The handkerchief upon her neck was slightly rent, and a single dark spot upon her bosom told where the pathway of her death had been. At first I clasped her to my breast with a cry of agony, and then laid her down, and gazed upon her face almost with a feeling of calmness. Her bright, dishevelled ringlets clustered sweetly around her brow, the look of terror had faded from her lips, and infant smiles were pictured beautifully there; the red rose tinge upon her cheek was lovely as in life, and as I pressed it to my own, the fountains of tears were opened, and I wept as if my heart were waters. I have but a recollection of what followed—I only know that I remained weeping and motionless till the coming of twilight, and I was then taken tenderly by the hand and led away, where I saw the countenance of parents and sisters.

Many years have gone by on the wings of light and shadow, but the scenes I have portrayed still come over me, and at times, with a terrible distinctness. The oak yet stands at the base of the precipiece, but its limbs are black and dead, and the hollow trunk, looking upwards to the sky as 'if calling to the clouds for drink,' is an emblem of rapid and noiseless decay. A year ago I visited the spot, and the thoughts of bygone years came mournfully back to me---thoughts of the little innocent being who fell by side like some beautiful tree of Spring, rent up by the whirlwind in the midst of its blossoming. But I remembered---and oh! there was joy in the memory---that she had gone where no lightnings slumber in the folds of the rainbow cloud, and where the sunlight waters are broken only by the storm breath of Omnipotence.

My readers will understand why I shrink in terror from the thunder. Even the consciousness of security is no relief to me---my fears have assumed the nature of an instinct, and seem indeed a part of my existence.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR MATRIMONY.—The clergy of Iceland, have the authority conferred by law, to refuse to marry a woman unless she can read and write. The power is given upon the sound principle, that a woman must be qualified to instruct her offspring, before being permitted to marry.

From the Augusta Constitutionalist.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

From a recent letter of the New York correspondent of the New Orleans Delta, we extract the following interesting account of the Money King.

It shows that Goldsmith's celebrated saying is very far from the truth....

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

It illustrates another remark which has in it more of truth than poetry: The more money one has the more he wants, and yet his happiness does not increase in any proportion with his acquisitions.

"John Jacob Astor has recently recovered from a somewhat serious illness.... He is about ninety years old. He is exceedingly feeble, never speaks except in a whisper. He is said to refrain from the utterance of a loud tone to *hoard* his breath and the strength of his lungs. He never moves except with the support of two stout serving-men, one on either side. His wealth is literally beyond calculation, enormous; for it is impossible to give true ideas of the value of his multifarious resources. Forty millions of dollars would scarcely cover the worth of his real and personal property. Stephen Girard's estate was compared with Astor's, but it was always far below it. At the time of the former's death, John Jacob asked, 'How much did he leave?' 'Seventeen millions,' was the reply. 'That won't do,' said the survivor, 'that won't do.' Since Girard's death, Astor's wealth has nearly doubled. Three summers ago he made, in the profits of certain purchasers of real estate within the city limits, for more than sixty days consecutively, $40,000 a day. The old millionaire is reputed to be mean: he is not so; he is merely particular....He gives freely; he is most bounteous in his private charities. To his countrymen, the Germans, he has ever been munificently kind. It is not to be denied that his ancient habits cling to him---his habits of saving, a dislike to pay out money....Take a true anecdote as illustrative of this: Among the subscribers to Audubon's magnificent work on ornithology, the subscription price of which was $1000 a copy, appeared the name of John Jacob Astor. During the progress of the work, the prosecution of which was exceedingly expensive, Mr. Audubon of course called upon several of his subscribers for payments. It so happened that Mr. Astor (probably that he might not be troubled about small matters) was not applied to before the delivery of all the letter-press and plates. Then Mr. Audubon asked for his thousand dollars; but he was put off, on one excuse and another. 'Ah Mr. Audubon,' would the owner of millions observe, 'you come at a bad time; money is very scarce; I have nothing in Bank; I have invested all my funds.' At length, for the sixth time, Mr. Audubon called upon Mr. Astor for his thousand dollars. As he was ushered into the presence, he found Wm. B. Astor, the son, conversing with his father. No sooner did the rich man see the man of art, than he began, 'Ah, Mr. Audubon, so you have come again after your money: hard times, Mr. Audubon, money scarce: but just then catching an inquiring look from his son, he changed his tone: however, Mr. Audubon, I suppose we must contrive to let you have some of your money, if possible. 'William,' he added, calling to his son, who had walked into an adjoining parlor, 'have we any money at all in the bank? 'Yes, father!' replied William B., supposing that he was asked an earnest question, pertinent to what they had been talking about when the Ornithologist came, in, 'we have two hundred and twenty thousand dollars in the Bank of N. York, seventy thousand in the City Bank, ninety thousand in the Merchants', ninety-eight thousand four hundred in the Mechanic's, eighty-three thousand'—That'll do, that'll do,' exclaimed John Jacob, interrupting him, it 'seems that William can give you a check for your money.'

"It is true that Mr. Astor has laid aside nearly half a million for the establishment of a free library in the City of New York. He has wisely limited the cost of the building to sixty thousand dollars; so that his beneficence shall not, like Mr. Girard's, be thrown away on marble and mortar. He has, in his will, appointed as librarian, Mr. J. G. Coggswell, a gentleman of profound learning and varied accomplishments, the former editor of the New York Review, who has been for many years an inmate of Mr. Astor's house. He has named Mr. Washington Irving as one of his executors, which will, of course, render the author of Astoria, prodigiously rich. Fitz-Greene Halleck is, and has been for many years, Mr. W. B. Astor's (who is said to be worth five millions, independent of his father) book-keeper. Is it not singular that Mr. Astor, who is an illiterate man, should have gathered near him persons so eminent as scholars and authors?"

UNANIMITY.—When Curran was on circuit, he was put into a bed, from which 'Naturer's kind restorer' was completely frightened by the fleas. In the morning he complained to the Landlady, who as usual, protested that the thing was 'impossible.' 'Impossible or not,' said Curran, 'if the *fleas* had been *unanimous*, they would have pulled me out of bed.'

A sensible writer says no man ever prospered in the world, without the co-operation of his wife.

NEWSPAPER ANTIQUITIES.—Copies of ancient newspapers occasionally see the light from the recesses in which they have long reposed, that are, in their way, literary curiosities. They afford the opportunity of comparing the state of the newspaper press at different periods, and constitute materials for its history. We are indebted to Col. Orlando S. Rees, of Sumter, for two copies of newspapers published in this State, which deserve to be classed among its newspaper antiquities.—One of these is named "The Carolina Journal or Camden Journal or Camden Advertiser," with the date of Feb. 8, 1803, printed by John M. Slump; the other, "The Claremont Gazette or General Advertiser," the publisher Hugh Mulhalland, is a still more antique specimen, being issued in Statesburg, with the date Sept. 27, 1786. They are sheets of the same size---8 by 13 inches. The Statesburg paper is indeed a curiosity, as we were not aware that at so early a period the lights of the newspaper press had penetrated to that portion of the State, but that its illumination had been limited to the metropolis. That was the age of mottoes for newspapers, and one in Latin, of two lines, flames forth at the head of the Claremont Gazette. The Carolina Journal contains what may be called one of the ingenious devices of the art—typographical, in the days of its infancy,—a line omitted in one of the communications being supplied by printing the words in the margin. The contents are no less curious, as showing the state of journalism just after the Revolution, in South-Carolina.—*Eve News.*

OLD MAID'S LAST PRAYER.

Propitious heaven! oh! lend an ear,
And grant a kind answer to my prayer?
For lo! I come in due submission,
And humbly offer my petition.
I ask not honors, wealth, or fame—
Trifles, like these, I would not name!
Nor splendid dress, nor rich attire,
'Tis none of these I most admire.
My prayer is short, oh! grant it then,
'Tis but a word—Give me a *man;*
Nor do I care to pick or choose,
He, who is sent, I'll not refuse.
'Tis not the young, the rich, the brave,
Doctor, Lawyer———or Parson grave,
But I'll be content—I know I can—
With any clever, common man.
The vernal bloom once flushed my face,
And every tongue pronounced my praise.
Many gay lovers made their court,
But none could move my hauty heart.
Ye happy days, how are ye past?
And I am left a maid at last!
And Justly too, for I neglected
Those whom I ought to have respected,
But forgive, kind heaven, my tears will tell
What anguish in my heart I feel.
Oh! view with propitious eye my grief,
And, oh! send a man to my relief.

OLD BATCHELOR.

HULL POLITICS.—That astute correspondent, "Peeping Tom" of the Boston Courier, writing at Hull, thus hits off the recent correspondence between Hon. Speaker Winthrop and Rev. Mr. Palfrey: Parson Jack to Skipper Bob.

Dear Bob: It would give me great pleasure to poke you up to the topmast; but may I respectively inquire whether, if you get on the truck, it is your intention.—

So to constitute fishing punts as to stop lobster catching.

So to constitute clam-digging as not to crack the shells.

So to constitute eel-pots as to let in blackfish.

I am, dear Bob,
Your shipmate, with a marlinspike,

PARSON JACK.

Skipper Bob to Parson Jack.

Dear Jack. I have got your scratch, and thank you for the offer of that dig of your boat-hook; but I must candidly say that if I get upon the track, I must go up the mast without any slush.

I have not fished for the poke of any man's boathook. I was only slapped over the shoulder by the boatswain's mate, and told to "bear a hand."

I have been seven years chawing salt-junk before the mast, and my name is carved on the cat-head with a jack-knife. If I don't know the ropes, keel haul me for a Dutchman. If you have any eels to catch, bring 'em on.

I remain, dear Jack, yours, as true as oakum.

BOB.

LITTLE FAILINGS.—My James is a very good boy, (said an old lady) but he has little failings, for we are none of us perfect; he put the cat in the fire, flung his grandfather's wig down in the cistern, put his daddy's powder horn in the stove, tied the coffee pot to Jowler's tail, set off squibs in the barn, took my cap bobbin for fishing lines, and tried to stick a fork in his sister's eye; but those are only child-ish follies.

NONSENSE.—"Jeff, wot do de nusepaper makers mean wen dey talk bout Missoory compermize?"

"Wy, Jake, dat was a sorter marridge cubbernant twixt Massa Chewsit and Miss Sue Ree!"

"Ah!—Dat,' counts for it."

Wife! said a married man, looking for his boot jack, after she was in bed, "I have a place for all my things, and you ought to know it. "Yes," said she, "I ought to know where you keep your late hours."